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**My lost millions, Florida, past, present and future; Florida as reviewed by President Harding, Gen. W.T. Sherman, Gen. U.S. Grant, Brig. Gen. Chas E. Sawyer.**

Geo B. Christian

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# *My Lost Millions*

BY GEORGE B. CHRISTIAN

## **FLORIDA** **PAST** **PRESENT** **and FUTURE**



FLORIDA AS VIEWED BY  
PRESIDENT HARDING  
GEN. W. T. SHERMAN  
GEN. U. S. GRANT  
BRIG. GEN. CHAS. E. SAWYER

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MARION, OHIO  
1926



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## FOREWORD



THE writer of this little volume presents the same to the public for the simple purpose of giving that public the benefit of a half century of varied experiences in visits to the state of Florida, in a general way confined to the winter season. I do not claim that this volume will be an expose of the merits or demerits of the great area forming the state of Florida as an all the year home for those who expect to find a glorious climate and wonderful riches to be garnered within a brief period by sojourners there, but at the same time I feel enabled through my experience to throw considerable light upon many of the questions that present themselves in the thousands of questionnaires that in an endless stream are propounded by the millions of our northern people who believe that some day they will visit, look over and perhaps make at least a winter home in this semi-tropical state. Statistics in relation to this remarkable commonwealth fail of the truth and are misleading. For instance, upon one of my visits to Brevard County, at that time 150 miles in length, I was confronted with the knowledge that this immense district, with an area equaling some one of several states of our country, cast at the presidential election during the Hayes and Tilden struggle for the presidency, less than twenty votes; and in a trip along the border of this county throughout its full length I saw no other person than those comprising the party with which I was associated.

The chapters that follow this Foreward are: First, an adventure in Florida more than fifty-one years ago, when a party of four friends as pioneers sought to prove the truth of a fishing story.

Second, a viewpoint of Florida as described by Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman, who was one of the leading military captains in the Seminole war, and during that period of hostilities saw a great deal

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of the then unknown and unexplored regions that comprise the lower portion of the state.

Third, a chapter that we believe will be of general public interest, Florida from the viewpoint of Warren Gamaliel Harding, twenty-ninth president of the United States.

Fourth, the experiences of General U. S. Grant, who gave his view of Florida after a stopover visit on his way to Mexico.

Fifth, an expression of his opinion of Florida as a resort for health as well as pleasure, by Brigadier General Chas. E. Sawyer, physician to President Harding.

Sixth, a summary by the author, giving in a straightforward plain, simple manner the facts in relation to Florida as he sees it based upon wide experience.

The author owns no land within the boundaries of the state, never has had title to a foot of its soil and has no present intention of making any investments whatever within the boundaries of the state. We do not expect this summary to be received with favor by everyone, but we can assure our readers that without fear or favor we are expressing ourselves, giving the "whole truth and nothing but the truth" in relation to this wonderful land as we have known it and as we today see it.

Respectfully,

GEORGE B. CHRISTIAN,  
of Marion, Ohio.

## *Florida Fifty-one Years Ago*

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Y uncle was a fisherman of that type that only the central west of half a century ago would produce. He was a genuine sportsman, among the first to handle rod and reel, and became early an expert. He was a disciple of Isaac Walton but did not enjoy to the full idling upon a grassy bank patiently waiting for the "bites that oftentimes did not come."

The western waters, from source to mouth, in those days teemed with the finest of food fishes of many varieties affording wonderful sport incidental to their capture. It was a necessity to fish for the larder as well as to enjoy the sport. Uncle did not disdain to seek in the upper waters strings of lowly cat. He would sit in a tree-top basking in the sunshine, and with a rifle make many a hit as the large fish struggled over the riffles.

His business as a banker afforded him many opportunities to enjoy his favorite sport, then as now a business that permitted vacation periods. An attentive reader of all the literature of the day published in the interest of fish and game, he was continually testing by actual investigation on the spot, the wonderful tales of remarkable fish exploits that graced the pages of such publications as "Forest and Stream," "Hook and Line," etc. An invitation to join him in a fishing party was considered a great compliment and always accepted with the knowledge that there were both sport and pleasure ahead. When I received an invitation half a century ago to visit the then practically unknown east coast of Florida to investigate weird and wonderful stories of capturing fish with hook and line at the rate of a ton an hour at some of the inlets of the tidal lagoons—then scarcely mapped but today sharply in the limelight, I would not have been more surprised had I been invited to explore Africa to find Stanley. However, we made up a party of four and led by our persistent and energetic

leader, started on our expedition in midwinter to view this wonderful land. At this time there was not a rod of railroad south of Jacksonville; the timber resources of the state were still untouched; there were scarcely visible roads—trails oftentimes impassable taking their place. The trip was made then as now by the Jacksonville gate and was considerable of an undertaking. The route lay by Indianapolis, Louisville, Nashville and Atlanta, and from Atlanta to the sea at Brunswick, Ga. A trip by boat through the inland route carried us to Fernandino, Fla. The route from Fernandino to Jacksonville was over a railway in part owned and operated by the state and this part of the journey was an extremely hazardous undertaking but the speed limit being reduced to five miles an hour, quieted to some extent our fears. To add further to our protection, we rode over a portion of the road sitting in the open doorway of a baggage car, ready to jump if we should discover the locomotive had left the track. Terminating this part of the trip by our arrival in Jacksonville, we had a feeling of gratitude that we had made a safe journey. Jacksonville was a little town of less than 5,000 population of which more than fifty percent were of the colored race. The landing along the river front was showing then the beginning of that activity in trade that was the foundation of the splendid thriving city of today.

### *AN ENCHANTING VOYAGE.*

Florida, we discovered, was a land of much water. The navigable streams furnished means of transportation to replace the lack of roadways. We were greeted with delightful summer sunshine and noted many fine orange groves which since then have entirely disappeared from the ravages of frost. Preparations for our trip were completed here in every detail possible. We outfitted with fishing tackle and tent, a knock-down stove for cooking, cooking utensils of a primitive sort, the usual cup, knife and spoon so well known to all campers, and blankets. Whether or not the fact that I alone of the four men of our party had voted with frequency the democratic ticket caused me to be selected to make the purchase of the most important adjunct of a fishing party in snake infested Florida, namely, a gallon jug of whisky, I do not recall, however, I accepted this responsibility with a great deal of hesitation and was not entirely satisfied with my judgment. I readily

discovered that the corn whisky of my native state had disappeared and was probably supplanted by a mixture of unknown ingredients. Later on when the cork was drawn and the mixture sampled, my fears were fully confirmed and I found myself disgraced in the estimation of my companions as a connoisseur in liquor. To this day I feel assured that while the snake bites of Florida might have been dangerous, nothing could have been more awful than the necessity of using the remedy. At the first opportunity we gathered together our now somewhat cumbersome outfit and boarded a steamer bound for the upper St. Johns river. This trip was in every respect most remarkable; the river flowing in great volume apparently through a mass of forest and semi tropical vegetation as yet undisturbed. It seemed that every few rods of the slimy banks was the habitat of an enormous alligator. And today as I recall their numbers, it seems almost incredible of belief that the reckless American hunters could in so short a period destroy the countless numbers of these reptiles. No pen could describe the bird life that filled the air and covered the waters with myriads of beautifully plumaged birds and acres of wild life. Paraquets—a specie of the parrot tribe, were everywhere evident; and flamingoes, both scarlet and white, were seen in countless numbers where today the plumage hunters have left scarcely a living specimen. And everywhere the waters teemed with fish. We were kept in a continual state of excitement as each new vista unfolded to us some wonderful scene of semi-tropical life and beauty. There were other features of the trip up the St. Johns which were novel and interesting. There was a bar aboard the boat which seemed to be very little patronized. My uncle discovering the price of a plain drink of whisky advanced to 20c, censured the bar-keeper very severely for this advance of 100% above the well known standardized value of ten cents. He even threatened that while we were on the boat we would use our own liquor—a dreadful alternative. The passenger list was very largely made up of the "cracker" inhabitants of the country, with a sprinkling of hunters, fishermen, and an occasional tourist. The captain of the boat, an unusually handsome young fellow and a recent bridegroom, brought along his bride, apparently for a honeymoon trip. She was a real beauty of the southern senorita type. In our passenger list was a young woman to whom the captain was

naturally polite; this politeness gave rise to an incident which the passengers enjoyed very much, for the captain upon going to his cabin discovered that his bride, in a fit of jealousy, had locked the door against him. The passengers good-humoredly surrounded him and united in a clamorous demand for the opening of the door. This procedure was very amusing and finally caused the bride to relent. The negro crew who manned the boat were interesting and very musical, giving us the benefit of a concert that terminated only with the voyage. The parquets which seemed to increase in numbers as we moved southward, enlisted our attention and caused an expression by the party that they would be carefully protected to prevent the possible extermination that threatened so many of our northern birds. This caused one of our "cracker" friends to rise up in wrath demanding an immediate extermination of every blank one of the pretty birds. This outburst was caused by his claim that these birds were destroying all the small fruit in the state of Florida. The discussion that ensued brought out some singular statements showing that the southern fruit-eating birds, formerly devotees of the native wild products, had, through a change of appetite for the sweeter cultivated fruits, threatened to devour the entire crop.

#### *UP THE ST. JOHNS.*

Proceeding up stream we made a stop at Mellonville, on Lake George. Here we found a little old barge-like boat driven by a stern wheel, the steam furnished by a sawmill boiler chained down to the deck. The captain and his crew of two contracted to let us occupy the four possible sleeping places and agreed to take our party to the terminus of our journey up the St. Johns into Salt Lake. St. Johns is one of the few rivers that has the distinction of flowing north from its source. Another characteristic is the narrow limits of the drainage areas to the east lying between the river and the ocean. The river rises in a series of little lakes located within a very short distance, often but five or six miles from the Indian river, and the fall from the lake surface to tide-water is but eleven feet. Our destination was Salt Lake, a rather small swamp surrounded body of water a few miles west of Titusville, a village located near the head waters of Indian river. Our interest in the journey increased as our voyage southward disclosed new and interest-

ing situations. The waters of the St. Johns have the color of sugar sap when about one-half boiled down; the coloring, it is said, coming from a specie of juniper, and not withstanding the rather objectional appearance of the water, it was freely used and considered sweet and wholesome. We accepted the statements of the natives as based upon habit, but personally found it necessary to imbibe some of the contents of our famous jug to make a more palatable mixture. At the occasional landings we could note the locations were created by the slight elevations of the land above the prevailing swampy levels. Frequently there were little fields of early corn, an evidence of spring that was somewhat surprising to our northerly visage. At Mellonville on Lake George we found an unexpectedly large body of water and a very attractive one. The settlement was surrounded by newly planted groves of citrous fruits. The original settlement, however, goes back to the Spanish regime. Mellonville was one of the locations of the Jesuit priests and there was pointed out to us a Sicilian lemon tree of their planting, the foliage of which covered a diameter of more than sixty feet. It was loaded with a fully ripened fruitage which brought the branches to the ground. This, with some evidence of strawberry culture, impressed us with the climatic possibilities of Florida.

#### *A PRIMITIVE BUS LINE.*

After a day's journey on shore we boarded our remarkable tub for the next leg of the southward journey. To reach Salt Lake, our destination, we were compelled to pass through a winding branch, known as Snake creek. This creek meandered through a veritable jungle. At midnight we were compelled to lie to in the midst of a tremendous tropical storm. Sometime before the storm broke we had been entertained by a concert engaged in by a very large number of bull alligators, whose bellowings were discordant and loud enough to forbid sleep. Undoubtedly our scow was seaworthy but personally our passenger list seemed to be in doubt upon this point. In the early morning we found ourselves safely anchored off the shore of Salt Lake in about two feet of water. It was a day of great beauty and the rising sun disclosed to our delighted vision a scene of great interest. Circling about in the blue sky were innumerable game birds that had risen from their haunts disturbed by the advent of our ship. Along the north shore there were

seemingly never ending lines of both crimson and white flamingoes interspersed with numerous specimens of a friend we oft had met in the north, known as the sandhill crane. Looking upon these enormous flocks of birds of beautiful plumage, it seems almost incomprehensible that before the ravages of the plume hunter they have practically disappeared. This bird life which we were encountering was in its southern winter home; and to the southward a short distance away were the everglades. The natives listening to our words of wonderment would simply say: "To see bird life as it really is you must wait for your journey down the Indian River to the famous everglades." To the east of Salt Lake was an open pine forest; from our boat deck we could easily note a wandering road or trail. From this road we were looking with expectation to a connecting link between Salt Lake and Titusville, that should soon make its appearance. The connecting link proved to be two mules hitched to an open spring-wagon for passenger service, and a heavier vehicle for the transportation of baggage and freight. This bus line arrived and the mules unhesitatingly took to the water bringing the wagon up alongside the boat. We were soon transferred to the somewhat shaky vehicle—our personal belongings to follow at once, and began the final trip to our destination. The driver of the vehicle was a son of the famous General Titus, the founder of Titusville.

General Titus had been adjutant-general of Pennsylvania, hence his title. In early life he was a soldier of fortune and his adventurous career included participation in Walker's Nicaragua expedition. At one time during this venture in Nicaragua there had been a disagreement between General Walker and General Titus which came near resulting in an attempt upon the part of Walker and his adherents to place General Titus in front of a firing line of rifles. There was never any reconciliation between these leaders and later on when they met by chance in the Southern Hotel in New York City there was an immediate revolver duel at short range. When the smoke cleared away General Titus had one or more leaden mementos in his person which were never removed. We called upon him in his home shortly after our arrival, introduced by my uncle who had previously corresponded with him. We found that he had been forced to reside in this southern climate from an unrelenting foe—muscular rheumatism. Notwithstanding the

ravages of illness, we could readily note that he had been a man of wonderful proportions and splendid appearance. As he related some incidents of adventurous career, his dark eyes flashed, and this, associated with a choice selection of vituperative adjectives, disclosed what manner of man he must have been. During our stay of several days the natives whispered mysteriously that the General's daily habit included several hours of sitting on his veranda with a loaded rifle across his lap waiting to locate one or more of his local enemies, who might carelessly invade the territory covered by the range of his gun. We found him a fine old gentleman, however, interesting and hospitable; and, moreover, the brand of his liquor drove away the remembrance of our long discredited supply.

#### *BEAUTIFUL INDIAN RIVER.*

At Titusville our first view of the Indian river led us to exclaim that it was the most beautiful body of water we had ever seen. With soft southern winds and sunlit skies, the quiet waters were clear as crystal, and in every direction there were vast numbers of waterfowl playing and feeding with no knowledge of man with his destructive instincts. Flying upon lazy wings were countless fishing birds of prey which included many of the gray pelicans. The Indian river, seemingly a lagoon, extends from a short distance north of Titusville to Jupiter Inlet—a distance of more than two hundred miles. Beginning at Titusville and extending south a distance of twenty-six miles, is the now well known Merritt's Island. Except in mid-channel the waters are shallow, and however pleasant, the Indian river country and climatic conditions are in winter time, we heard many stories that discredited it absolutely as a favorable place for a summer resort. At the time of our visit the swamps, including the everglades, were infested with moccasins of every type; while in the woodland areas the famous diamond back rattler was found and was not uncommon. The waters were said to be the haunts of stingarees, swordfish, and occasional sharks that came through the Inlet, while clouds of mosquitos and other insects made life absolutely undesirable. Down through this—at that time unknown region, came General John C. Breckinridge, of Confederate fame, who made his escape out through Indian river inlet to the shores of Cuba and safety. His description of the country gave one the impression that

it was a land of no possible future and that a summer visit was really a frightful experience. The Confederate President, Jefferson Davis, was headed for the same locality with the intention of making his escape also, at the time of his capture. Out through this gate-way, escaped to Cuba, the famous Boss Tweed, only to be extradited and brought back to die in prison. The same route was taken by one of the most notorious murderers in the annals of New York, who found temporary safety and later met death upon the gallows. General Titus gave us a rather optimistic view of the country. The lands lying between the river and the St. Johns, if drained, he said, would become great cane sugar plantations; and that the present seemingly worthless areas would reach values of \$200 to \$300 per acre; that below on both banks of the river were large areas of the finest lands for orange culture in the world. While General Titus' prophecy of the future has not been fulfilled as to sugar lands, the orange orchards of the Indian river region have more than fulfilled his most optimistic promise.

While outfitting at Titusville, we spent a few days happily located in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Sharp, whose table gave us a very appetizing view of the resources of this undeveloped country. We were regaled with steak from the famous green sea turtle, a wonderful delicacy superior in every respect to the finest poultry or game; of fish we enjoyed very much the famous Indian river mullet; there were game birds, including quail and duck, with garnishes and relishes of many kinds; there were wine and jelly from the scuppernong grape, with marmalades of most delicious varieties; all the summer vegetables with which we were familiar, we found in season. Mr. Sharp was a member of the legislature of Florida, and Mrs. Sharp, a cultured lady of most charming personality. During our table talks, which always interested, we gained much knowledge of the region of our 200 mile trip down the river, and also much historical information. Just before us, to the north, was a strip of land one-half mile in width that separated the Indian river from Halifax lagoon. This obstructed of course the free navigation of the interior route, at this day overcome by a connecting canal. A roadway between the two rivers was called the "Haul-over", from the fact that boats and freight laden vehicles were dragged across the half mile of sand from river to river. When the great uprising of

the Seminole Indians took place in 1832, General Sherman, with his troops came down these lagoons and traversed the entire distance from the north down to the east side of the everglades in life-boats manned by sailors. These boats, with all the supplies of the army were dragged over the "haul-over". The army moved down the river to attack the Seminoles upon their flank, and as a first move for a base of operations they built a very elaborate stockade fort upon the mainland opposite Indian river inlet, which was named Fort Capron.

### *CAMPING AT NIGHT.*

We made an arrangement for our voyage with Charley Carlin, the most famous of the Indian river sailors. He was to furnish his little catboat for transportation. This boat proved to be a good sailor, adapted to shallow waters and with a great spread of sail, it seemed to us for its size, but which in the hands of our experienced sailor much enhanced our speed in traveling. Charley Carlin was not only a great sailor but a young gentleman of fine character. He it was who had charge of Jupiter lighthouse at the time of the Spanish-American war, when from out of dark shadows enveloping the sea there came a hail: "What light is this?" And from Charles Carlin the reply, "Jupiter light, sir." The hail from the sea came from a young officer of a boat's crew of the famous man-of-war Oregon, effecting the first contact with the United States after a great trip around the Horn from the Pacific coast.

We embarked for the sail down the river in the early morning with a full supply of stores augmented by a large sack of apples, the apples being excellent for trading purposes, we learned later on. We now thought our food supply would be very pleasantly increased by supplies of game, fish and oysters. We had planned the trip to reach our destination, with favorable winds, within two days; otherwise, three or four days of exclusively daylight sailing. At the start we were met with sunny skies, light and warm head winds with occasional calms that prevented any movement whatever. This was enjoyable from our viewpoint as delays made the voyage all the more interesting and agreeable. As the boat moved forward the air was filled with vast flocks of water-fowl whose fluttering wings gave back a great volume of sound hitherto

unheard by us. Our camp was made at night upon the beach of the mainland. Carlin soon quieted our fears as to reptiles, stating the slight chilliness of the night air had the effect of driving them all indoors, and that in our entire trip we would not see any of the snake kind, but on sunshiny days might find interesting specimens of the 'gator family at the mouths of the fresh water streams. Our tent sheltered us very comfortably and with our blankets we slept well in the soft southern air. Our arms consisted of a small bore rifle, a double-barreled shotgun and a revolver. These arms we finally decided to leave with Carlin as the safest place for both man and beast. The nights were clear and starlit; from out the forest came cries of night birds and animals, among them the distant scream of a panther. Carlin, however, assured us that while slightly hair-raising to new comers, there was no danger and our arms were not needed. In the morning we would find back of our camp evidences of visitors during the night, chiefly Virginia deer, which would leave countless tracks where they had been drawn by curiosity, but shy and retreating in the daytime. Carlin told us many camp-fire stories that were extremely interesting: We would probably meet Judge Jones, Georgian, who with his boys sought health and pleasure in a home they had laid out on the banks of the lower river; at about the sixtieth mile of our journey we would find the habitation of a hermit, a New York newspaper man who had withdrawn himself from his home life in the north for the purpose of separating from the temptations of an old friend, John Barleycorn. He had made for himself a snug habitation in the branches of a low wide-spreading forest tree, and while not interested very much in receiving company, Carlin felt that his personal acquaintance would enable him to secure an introduction.

Among the accessories of our voyage I had noticed a full supply of lanterns. Carlin said that lanterns were an essential part of the equipment of every Floridan. They gave light aboard their boats and in their camps; they lighted up their pathways which were mere trails, assisting them in finding their way. When I hinted that perhaps they were nice things in a snaky land, he said that was in part very true, for in summer time many of the reptiles were night prowlers and seemed to like the pathways for a resting place. He said that he recalled very few

instances of snake-bite which, however, he agreed might be fatal. The Seminoles seemed to get along without any serious difficulty and claimed to have a remedy that was infallible.

One of our camps was made at DuVolls Bluff. This bluff proved to be a ridge about fifteen feet high, rising sharply from the edge of the beach. It was grass covered and also there was a considerable growth of small forest trees. The ridge extended for quite a distance up and down the beach. Curiosity and a suggestion from Carlin led us to take some sharpened sticks and dig into the side of the ridge, at its steepest part, about eight feet above the base. We were greatly surprised when at a depth not exceeding eight inches there was disclosed the fact that the ridge was composed entirely of shells as white and clean as the day they had been deposited there. While some investigators believe these shells, which were the covering of edible oysters and clams, had been deposited by the sea tides and waves, Carlin's idea seemed to be that the Indian tribes of long ago created them from the debris of their great feasts. These mounds are found in great profusion throughout lower Florida and are today contributing to the construction of the highway system of the state. Back of us was an open woodland of pine, and not far away a small one-story building of coquina rock, which Carlin said was a monument to the folly and graft of a carpet-bag administration of the state government. The national government had decided to set apart to all of the states large bodies of land, the proceeds from the sale of which should be used in the upbuilding of a college or state university. These land grants could only be secured by the construction of a building or buildings located upon the property, for the future educational institution. And so this little building, in this out-of-the-way location was put up to secure the land grants which, by sale, could be converted into cash. It was a mournful looking object and as we looked within its open doors we saw domiciled therein in great comfort, large numbers of the little chameleons of Florida.

### *VISITING A HERMIT.*

At our next camp we prepared to visit our friend the hermit. This required us to cross the river to a convenient landing opposite our camp, thence down the river to the hermit's home in the forest. Provided with

our lanterns we made the landing and started down the beach. And now occurred an incident that we shall relate as a beginning of our fish story:

As we strode along there was raised an indescribable noise in the waters of the river; there were thrashings about and leapings into the air, a frantic rush toward the beach of apparently thousands of fish. The turmoil in the waters and the rush of these great schools brought us to a quick halt with a sort of a hair-raising feeling. Carlin's quiet laugh, however, was re-assuring. He said that at this time the waters of Indian river were literally swarming with not only the fish of the river but enormous schools which came through the inlet with the tides. It is well known that fish are attracted by light; the phenomenon resulting from this display of light upon the shores of Indian river probably could not be equaled anywhere. So far as numbers were concerned, we could say millions of fish were eagerly striving to reach our position on the shore. He said for us to look far out in the water and notice the phosphorescent glow caused by the movement of all individual fishes as well as the mass. He said at the inlet he hoped to give us a successful day's sport, and if so, he would be enabled to point out not only the different varieties that were present at this demonstration, but he also hoped that we might have a spectacular view of many of the great fishes of the ocean which follow to the inlets the schools of smaller ones they were seeking to devour. This night display, while weird and uncanny, remained with us as long as we were walking along the beach.

Visiting the hermit we found a very interesting, educated newspaper man of New York, who seemed to be enjoying what we considered a frightful life, but with some evidence that he would eventually conquer and overthrow his enemy. On the third day we made camp upon the site of Fort Capron. The lines of the stockade were distinctly visible by the growth of plants which had been permitted to flourish there. Within the parade ground, a broad expanse, there were innumerable examples of the famous Mexican manila plant, commonly known to us as the century plant. Some of these specimens had grown to wonderful proportions and the flowering stems were of great height. On the west side of the point, just beyond the old lines of the fort, we looked upon the famous everglades. We could just raise ourselves to a sufficient

height to look over the surface of the plant life of this wonderful region. As far as the eye could reach—clear to the western horizon, vast areas were a perfectly level sea of green. This foliage, moved by the unobstructed winds, gave it the appearance of waves at sea. I have not looked upon the everglades for many years, but the view a half century ago I consider one of the most impressive pictures that I have had the opportunity of looking upon. We made our camp upon the beach close to the water's edge, moving our boat to the shore with considerable difficulty caused by the enormous oyster beds that were everywhere in evidence. Carlin was a connoisseur, and with oyster tongs he sought the deepest waters and brought forth great supplies of fat, fresh and luscious bivalves. While we did not know that oysters fried in bacon fat was considered the proper method, we certainly evidenced by our consuming power an opinion that there was nothing could be more delicious.

Just before leaving Titusville we had noticed along the river front a small stern wheel steamboat not much larger than a good sized toy. We learned from Carlin that this was the first boat to appear upon the waters of Indian river and that our trip had been coincident with the event. The boat was intended primarily to carry mail and occasional lighthouse supplies. There was a lighthouse at Cape Canaveral, one of the most important upon the coast, and below was the famous Jupiter Light. We asked Carlin where the inhabitants, if any, who desired mail facilities, were located, recalling that we had seen very few evidences of settlement. We had noticed two locations upon Merritt's Island and three upon Rock Ledge front. To this Captain Carlin replied that there were not more than one hundred residents, who lived by fishing and hunting and made their home a short distance in the interior and entirely out of view of the river. He intimated that in addition to their usual method of obtaining a living, if there chanced to be a wreck upon the east coast, a not unusual occurrence, they were not averse to assisting in saving cargo, and that, unless the official salvaging agents were prompt on the spot, a heavy percentage of the goods would disappear. There were stories that the wreckers' cabins were often filled with the choicest goods of all descriptions, obtained by these methods.

A short time before this the wreck of the famous City of Mexico had

occurred. This was a large passenger steamer running from New York to Vera Cruz, with freight for Mexico City. Among the passengers was the ambassador to Mexico, a former staff officer of General Grant. The boat had become helpless forty miles at sea and driven ashore just above the Indian river inlet by a terrific gale. A very large percent of the passengers and crew were lost. The ambassador was still living when rescued from the breakers but died of exhaustion. The value of the cargo exceeded one million dollars and most of this was brought ashore by the wreckers who had gathered in great numbers from far and near. Jones and his sons, upon hearing of the disaster, had proceeded as quietly as possible up the beach to the location of the wreck. At some distance away they saw very strange objects, not only in the surf but on the shore. Upon reaching the scene they found fires burning and the wreckers in a befuddled state from having discovered a heavy consignment of brandy among the goods, of which they had imbibed freely. While in this condition they had found great fun in arraying themselves in costumes found in the cargo. Each wrecker had fitted himself out with two pink corsets, one in front and one at the back, tied together. For headgear they were wearing the finest of stovepipe hats, and thus arrayed were sitting about the fires frying onions in fat they discovered. Judge Jones was not very well satisfied with the odor from the fat, and making a personal investigation discovered that it was Standard Oil axle grease. Agents of the underwriters, as well as the government, were on hand to salvage as much of the cargo as possible, but so large a percentage of the goods had disappeared that officers were sent to investigate the homes of the wreckers. In one cabin and its surroundings they found concealed more than fifty cases of shoes. Many years afterward there was evidence of great opulence among the wreckers which had its origin in the valuable goods obtained from the ill-fated City of Mexico..

### *A REAL FISH STORY*

And now the day of our fishing test had arrived. Two hours before the turn of the tide we worked our way across the shallows to the peninsula, so called, the strip of land between the ocean and the river, and cast anchor at a point near the south beach of the inlet. The marine view was a wonderful sight to our unaccustomed vision.

In the mouth of the inlet lay two wrecks, telling a tragic story of the Civil War. One evidently was a blockade runner, the other a United States gunboat. In the endeavor to find safety, the pursuers and the pursued were both lost.

As yet we had not provided bait which Carlin said would consist of fresh caught mullet. He here gave us an exhibition of his marvelous knowledge and dexterity. Taking in hand a cast net, that in fishing was thrown a good deal like a cowboy's lariat, he sought the bait. The mullet feeds on vegetation that grows on the bed of the river in shallow places. Tipping over to feed a good sized fish will show a tail fin protruding above the water. As they feed in schools it was interesting to notice the movement of the tail which located the fish at a considerable distance. They are very shy and have been taught that a shadow on the water may be cast by some enemy bird of prey. Carlin, scanning the waters for a few moments suddenly crouched and moved cautiously forward in his hip high water-proof boots, then quick as a flash launched forth the net. This net, some eight feet in diameter, circular in form and heavily loaded, fell directly over the location of the fish, and sinking quickly to the bottom, by a pull on the draw-string secured the struggling victims without a hope of escape. This single cast gave us more than 25 pounds of bait. Moving along the south side of the inlet we approached the breakers rolling in on the shore. Each member of the party was provided with hip boots, and the fishing tackle consisted of 250 feet of strong heavy line to which was attached a lead sinker and a hook that seemed to have been made by a blacksmith. As the tide had now turned we could detect from many things that the waters flowing into the inlet were certainly alive with fish. The skies seemed full of swooping and shrieking birds which were there to secure their share of the booty. Some distance out the black fins of numerous shark were seen cutting the waters to and fro in pursuit of their prey. Farther out to sea there were hundreds of large sized fish leaping into the air in their tremendous efforts to overtake the smaller ones. Carlin said that upon occasions we might see thousands of tarpon, the most savage and fighting game fish, he thought, of all that were found in the ocean

depths. As we were about to begin fishing he gave us a few words of instruction: We were to wade out into the surf as far as we could without getting in too great a depth of water; then swinging the leaded and mullet baited line in rapid circles, cast the same as far out as possible. As soon as the bait settled into the water we were to turn, throw the line over our shoulder and start for the shore. Carlin hinted that he might leave the rest with us. We were to fish until too tired to continue, and then from our catch we would select the finest of food fishes and leave the remainder for some thousands of pelicans that had formed their lines a short distance away, with their captains in front fully conscious that when we took our departure we would not be forgetful of them.

We had but one caution: If perchance a shark was hooked it would require the prompt action and united efforts of the whole party to land him. At the word of command we waded in and began to test the Forest and Stream stories. I do not know whether disciples of fishing will accept this story in all its details or not; I can simply say that when through with this narrative the half will not have been told. With the surf rolling in on the shore with its usual roar, spray flying through the air, the screams of the fishing birds, and then suddenly four hatless, wild, untamed looking men dragging in to shore fish after fish, with scarce a failure in getting a strike, just as Carlin claimed would be the case. We found ourselves from the tremendous excitement and the occasional struggles with fish too large to be promptly handled, after less than two hours' fishing, utterly exhausted and lay down upon the beach to rest and recover our ability to breathe normally. I discovered that my hands were bleeding from line abrasion, something we had not noticed during the excitement of the catch. Carlin now pointed out to us the various species of fish and rapidly selected the choicest edible varieties. These were deposited in the boat. From the remaining were taken large scales and other mementos; others, still alive, were cast back into the sea, but a large number of the more worthless varieties were left for our waiting friends, the pelicans. The entire catch was made in sixty minutes and the weight estimated at 5,000 pounds. The peak of the period of fishing had not been reached when we stopped our

work and Carlin said there need be no exaggeration in the stories of fishing at this particular inlet.

### *FIFTY YEARS LATER.*

And today, fifty years later, this inlet nearest to Fort Pierce affords very excellent fishing. There was no waste, whatever, in the fish which we had saved for nearby was a turtle-hunter's camp and the hunters would welcome some of these choice fish for their personal use. As soon as the waters became calmer we moved over toward their camp and examined a pen built in the water where they kept their captured game until they had secured a sufficient number to warrant shipment to the New York market. We found there were more than one hundred green turtles within the enclosure and noticed they were fed upon a sort of sea-grass hay. We hesitate to name the weight of some of the big fellows, fearing to pyramid the turtle story on top of our fish story. The hunters were a prosperous set, getting six cents a pound live weight for their catch. The turtles were caught at night when coming ashore to deposit their eggs and were seized by the hunters and turned on their backs until the entire catch was made. We saw where the egg deposits had taken place, and also the tracks of a bear that had come down to the shore to enjoy his favorite delicacy, turtle eggs. Accepting the hunters' stories, their topnotch catch had been a big fellow weighing 500 pounds. While we saw none on this trip, there were specimens large enough to be convincing.

Going back to Capron with the knowledge that our quest had ended and that our fishing test had been completed, we started northward with a favorable breeze in order to get through the channels and avoid the oyster banks before nightfall. Two days sufficed for our trip to Titusville, homeward bound. And although a half century has elapsed since this wonderful journey, it is still fresh and vivid as of yesterday in our minds, and while in after years we made many visits to the glorious Indian River country, we never had the thrills and excitement of that first pioneer visit over strange waters and amid strange surroundings.

Our journey of more than 2600 miles to prove the truth of a very

remarkable fish story, we did not regret and considered ourselves amply repaid for the time and expense required for the adventure.

As we moved slowly down the river basking in the warmth of seemingly summer months, Carlin suggested that we call upon one of the pioneers in the Rock Ledge hamlet who had a five year old orange grove just coming into bearing. Tying up at a little dock, we climbed up the slight elevation which characterizes this famous hammock. The pioneer owner and his wife and children extended us a very hearty welcome, inviting us to their cottage home and permitting us to gather from the fruitage of their young orchard all the oranges that we wished. Recalling our sack of apples we soon delighted the children, especially, with an exchange; giving them the apples we returned to our boat heavily laden with the splendid fruit that has made the Indian river oranges world-wide famous. Thirty years after, when my uncle and I were afforded an opportunity, we called at the same grove and found the same family. The children who had enjoyed our apples greeted us with their children. The orange grove in full and magnificent bearing had brought to this humble home wonderful prosperity. Recalling our early visit we enjoyed a real reunion.

#### *A CLOSE CALL.*

Forced to remain in our camp in the lea of the peninsula, by a northeast gale that suddenly sprang up—reaching a velocity estimated by Carlin at 50 miles an hour, the writer met with an adventure that increased very much his esteem and affectionate interest in Carlin:

A colored lad from the turtle hunters' camp had joined us from curiosity, and while there, one of the party brought down a fine duck which fell in the still water with a tendency to drift into the sea created by the storm. Anxious to secure this prospective change in our diet, I sprang into a little flat bottom boat that the colored boy came over with, and he with the oars pushed rapidly out so that we might get the bird before it was carried into the storm swept river. Exercising very poor judgment in reaching for the bird, we swung the boat half way round into the swirl of waters and was at once carried into the midst of the tremendous waves caused by the gale. The colored boy using the better

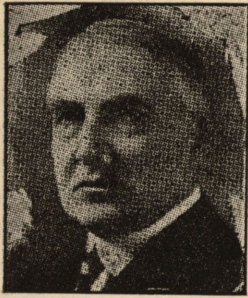
judgment and understanding the situation thoroughly, adopted the principle of "every man for himself," gave a wild shriek for help and sprang overboard swimming for the shore. Using my own judgment, limited by ignorance of the surroundings, I threw off coat and rubber boots just as the boat sank turning over. Although I was considered a good fresh water swimmer, I felt my mental attitude towards sharks, stingarees, and other products of the Indian river having its effect upon my courage. I realized I might drift out to sea. Meanwhile Carlin, grasping the situation, and realizing that no sail could be raised in such a gale, calling for assistance, pushed off his catboat into the wild waste of waters.

Skillfully he brought the boat to approach within a few feet of where I was now battling to save myself until his arrival. The wind was cold, although I kept myself low in the water to prevent chilling. Finding my circulation getting somewhat weakened, I thrashed around in the trough of the sea a good deal to enable me to hold on. As the boat floated by, Carlin steadied it with wonderful skill and I was dragged aboard just in time to be saved from drowning. Our famous jug of whisky now came into play and brought me out of a complete state of exhaustion as I lay upon the deck. With a big fire and plenty of blankets I speedily recovered. Carlin, ever modest, refused to be considered a hero that he was, endeavoring to divide among us all the credit for the rescue. The adventure was not a very pleasant one, for although I had faced death before, this time while in the cold waters, I had before my eyes the faces of a young wife and two babies in my far away northern home. However, we adopted the motto, "All is well that ends well", winding up the day with an extra good meal of oysters, bacon and fish, with, however, no duck upon the bill of fare.

## *Florida as Viewed by the Late President Harding*

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WARREN GAMALIEL HARDING, twenty-ninth president of the United States, loved Florida. No other expression seems to quite describe his feelings toward the state as a haven of refuge from winter ills and a blessing to thousands of sufferers from climatic troubles



who found health and happiness by selecting some portion of the "land of flowers" for a winter abiding place. Mr. Harding might be considered almost a pioneer for his earlier visits to Florida preceded by several years the construction of Florida's east coast railway, from Titusville to Miami. Upon his first visit to the south part of the east coast, Miami was practically unknown. The region was more familiarly known as the "Biscayne Bay country." His trips on the Indian river south-

ward to Lake Worth, since known as Palm Beach and West Palm Beach, were delightful and made after a most charming fashion by large light draft stern-wheel steamboats which made daily trips over the clear waters of the beautiful Indian river. There were famous steamers in those days in charge of famous captains. There was the Sebastian, St. Augustine, the St. Lucia and others. There was that famous seaman of inland shallow waters, Capt. Bravo, whose capacity for story telling and tales of the wonderful land of mystery that lay to the westward of the east coast rivers was unlimited. Tens of thousands of northern tourists will recall the captain as a pleasant memory. He it was when the railroad was being constructed across the various islets to Key West, who was caught in a terrific tropical storm, and his boat carrying supplies to the railroad builders overturned, but if we recall the story correctly, Bravo, daring and skilled, saved his life and that of many others.

By chance Mr. Harding was at Palm Beach, then known as Lake Worth, the day that Mr. Flagler made his first purchase there prior to the construction of the East Coast Railway, that without knowledge of the general public he had decided to construct in the near future. He purchased some five thousand or more feet of frontage for \$13,000. The owner was a Vermont yankee who had drifted down into Florida to find health and adventure and seemed to have found it by a residence of thirteen years in the edge of the Everglades. Mr. Harding, a true newspaper man, hunted up the Vermonter and found him upon the upper deck of a boat in the sunshine, dressed in new store clothes, with a pair of new shiny shoes that he had just discarded in order to give his feet a rest, as he said. He stated that during the entire period he had lived in Florida he had not worn a shoe and that fashion did not appeal to him.

### *GOLF ON FLORIDA COURSES.*

While Mr. Harding had not purchased any real estate in Florida, this was entirely owing to the demand upon his finances to carry through the tremendous undertaking of making a daily paper in a country town a success. A quarter of a century ago he declared that the state had a great future and that its climate alone was an asset of great magnitude, the value of which was as yet undreamed of. He had ridden for hours through the wonderful orange growing belt when at its peak of prosperity and it seemed from the car window, endless miles of the most beautiful fruitage that the human eye may gaze upon. At one time, addressing himself to friends with great clearness, he said that the Florida climate had been given much credit for its curative value in lung troubles, but once it became generally known the miracles produced by the mild climate and moist atmosphere in not only alleviation but absolute cure of all forms of neurasthenia, certain forms of rheumatism and neuritis, would become known and appreciated. Dr. Charles Sawyer, who in later years became his family physician while he was president, confirmed this opinion by the results of personal experience in his own case of serious neuritis. The "Marion crowd" found its winter home chiefly upon Merritt's Island, for this, that a number of well-known Marion people had been pioneers in developing the Island upon its western

front. Each winter a large colony assembled in the various homes of the residents and there would follow a most delightful season of outdoor life and pleasant social activities. Mr. Harding and his friends were enabled to witness the planting of orange and grapefruit groves by the pioneers and afterwards to enjoy them when in full fruitage. In later years he visited Daytona, St. Augustine, and Ormond, and from these places looked in upon many of the charming interior resorts. He had his first lessons in golf upon the links then newly established at Ormond and St. Augustine.

By these repeated visits that we have chronicled he became a well-known figure in the winter life so characteristic of Florida, and when he revisited these places while he was president, there was many a handshake and many an affectionate greeting, the result of friendships created during the early Florida days. We may also add here that Mrs. Harding joined in the same expressions favorable to the real "land of flowers" she loved so well.

#### *GLORIOUS WINTER CLIMATE.*

Mr. Harding felt and so expressed himself, that the outdoor life during the Florida winter that we found usually so unpleasant at home, would greatly add to the health of anyone permitted to enjoy the favorable season. He had noticed that during one period of 77 days at Merritts' Island there had been no rain and the temperature was such that no fires of any kind had been necessary except upon three evenings when one of the "chilly" members of the party thought a little pine-knot blaze would be very nice. In addition to outdoor sports upon the land, he had greatly enjoyed acquiring sufficient knowledge of seamanship to be able to sail a catboat when winds were blowing gently. He greatly enjoyed going into the pilot-house of one of the river steamers and for hours, taking the wheel, would guide it over the waters of Indian river. Excellent fishing at all times could be found at nearby points and this had caused him to love the sport so lauded by Isaac Walton in after years. While his humane feelings would not allow him to harm bird or beast, wild or otherwise, he never failed to express his enjoyment of fishing trips. The inlets from the sea to the lagoon rivers of Florida brought vast quantities of fish with the incoming tides and taking advantage of the knowledge of this fact afforded wonderful marine views

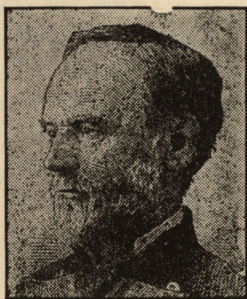
and opportunity for great adventure in catching some of the wonderful denizens of the sea that had fighting ability. The splendid beaches, particularly at Daytona, were remarkable race courses for automobiles and furnished him the opportunity of enjoying his favorite sport, that of driving his own machine. He was an expert chauffeur and had a good knowledge of automobile mechanism.

He was given a pleasant outing by a visit to the west coast. While his environment had held him quite closely to the east, it had been his intention while president, upon his return from the Alaska trip, to spend a winter vacation upon the west coast, visiting a number of inland cities, thence to Tampa, St. Petersburg, Clearwater and Sarasota, at the latter place as a guest of his friend John Ringling, the well known circus proprietor, whose enormous holdings in west Florida has attracted universal attention among the realtors of the entire country. A splendid newly fitted up residence with wonderful surroundings upon Birds Island had been placed at his disposal. Plans for this visit had been fully matured, but like many other arrangements were overwhelmed by the sudden and tragic death of the President. When President Harding passed away the state of Florida lost a well-wisher and a good friend.

## *The Mistakes of General Sherman*

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THE territory now shown as the state of Florida was ceded to the United States by Spain in 1819, and in 1821 the government took formal possession of the domain thus ceded. In acquiring Florida our nation acquired also a hornet's nest. This hornet's nest was the tribe



of Indians known as the Seminoles, and by the varied and remarkable experiences of our nation in dealing with the Indians, even the "winning of the west", with its remarkable series of Indian uprisings produced scarce an equal in the tragedies that marked Indian warfare, to that caused by the determined resistance of the Seminoles to the surrender of the rights claimed by them to the possession of Florida. Under the leadership of Oceola, a remarkably brilliant leader, the pioneers, attempting settle-

ment in Florida, were harrassed to such an extent that permanent settlements seemed almost impossible for many years. Notwithstanding the efforts of the government to establish a peace by diplomatic procedure and purchase, a most determined uprising resulting in serious bloodshed took place as late as 1835.

This so-called Seminole war lasted until 1842, and the peace then established was continually broken by sporadic uprisings until finally in 1858 the Seminoles, as a tribe, were sent to the Indian Territory. This settled forever the question of warfare. It was, however discovered some years later that a considerable number, estimated at about two hundred fugitive members of the tribe, had established themselves upon islands in Lake Okeechobee, surrounded by the then practically impassable everglades. This little remnant of the great tribe they represented was granted permission by the government to remain in occupancy of their

improvised fastenings, and to this day, with a slight increase in numbers, these Indians are still in possession of their home and have been turned into peaceful farmers and traders. They are a recognized and picturesque feature of life along the southeast coast and they very frequently make their appearance within the boundaries of the great city of Miami.

Among the officers selected to engage as a leader of troops in the Seminole war, was a young captain of the United States army, a graduate of West Point, who in after years, during the Civil War, rose to the highest rank in the army, known as General William Tecumseh Sherman. Captain Sherman was placed in charge of an expeditionary force and directed to proceed from northeast Florida down the east coast to a point directly opposite Indian river inlet and there establish a fortified post, which should be the base from which the right flank of the Indians could be attacked. This force included a detachment of sailors who were to man and operate small boats for transporting men and supplies through the waters of the east shore lagoons to the point selected. Our imagination can scarcely depict the obstacles that would be encountered by such an expedition at that time. It began its march southward in hot summer weather when insect and reptile life was at its peak. Every item of supplies necessary for the little army had to be thus transported, and even fresh water could only be obtained by going inland from the brackish waters of the lagoons. The expedition was readily fitted out by ocean shipments from the north to the excellent harbor formed by the St. Johns river where it enters the Atlantic, and from thence moving southward with the entire flotilla going in and out the various inlets. the Halifax lagoon was reached. Moving southward they encountered channels that were apparently a maze, difficult to pass through. Shallow waters required frequently the dragging of the boats over the shoals by man power. Arriving at the south terminus of the Halifax river they found before them land overgrown with scrub palmetto lying between the Halifax and the Indian rivers. There was but one solution to overcome this tremendous obstacle. The distance was approximately three quarters of a mile and the first work to be performed was clearing a roadway of all vegetation. This was done under the intense heat of a summer sun and in the face of the determined opposition of a great colony of diamond back rattle-snakes that evidently had found there

a permanent abiding place, perhaps for centuries. War was waged upon these reptiles and the first pathway cleared afforded an unobstructed roadway of sand between the two rivers, and over this roadway the men of the force were compelled to drag their loaded boats by man power. The engineers accompanying the expedition, as always where the United States Army is engaged, solved all these difficulties with remarkable celerity and the force immediately proceeded upon their journey over the waters of the Indian river.

### *CLOUDS WITH A SILVER LINING.*

While Sherman failed to see the beauty of this noted lagoon, he was a close and careful observer and his views of the country are contained in a correspondence that he kept up with his family and friends at home. With a channel of sufficient depth to permit easy navigation, the small boats moved forward at a rate of speed that soon brought them near the terminus of their journey, and to the shoal waters and tremendous oyster beds that characterized the stream near the inlet where upon the east shore the future post, known as Fort Capron, was to be established. This post was rapidly constructed by the erection of the stockade usual in Indian warfare. This stockade, a parallelogram, enclosed several acres which were cleared away and the area put in perfect order for a parade ground. In this trip General Sherman encountered myriads of fleas, flies, poisonous insects and reptiles, and particularly alligators at the fresh water inlets in enormous numbers. We must recall that both shores of these rivers were covered by dense and practically impassable semi-tropical forests. It is little wonder that General Sherman found but little to say favorable to this part of the country at that time. The doleful clouds that he portrayed had a little silver lining, however; there came to those occupying the post, the mild and delightful season of winter time, and food supplies such as oysters, the finest of edible fishes, and game of all sorts were at hand in seemingly inexhaustible quantities. General Sherman did not sum up his opinion of Florida and its value to the United States based upon the trials and tribulations of his southward trip, but he did later on when the government forces were compelled to look westward and note the difficult proposition that they had to combat in an attempt to reach the Seminole strongholds from the post at Capron. No man of the force, either of-

ficer, soldier or sailor, save two or three guides, had ever looked upon the country they now occupied. The northern tip of the everglades extended as far north as the new post and looking westward far away to the horizon line there was nothing in view apparently but a swampy region covered with a dense growth of tropical grasses. We will not here attempt to portray the work of this expedition, but suffice it to say that General Sherman's summing up of his opinion of Florida, was characteristic of the man who later said that "War is hell". He expressed his views plainly and characteristically: "This country", he said, "is not worth a damn", and in his opinion should be presented to the Seminoles as a free gift offering.

We give General Sherman's pessimistic opinion here simply to show the mistake he made in his estimate of value of this new commonwealth. We must note that where this expedition started there is now one of the most beautiful, fascinating and progressive cities in our country, the city of Jacksonville, a city that is moving forward by leaps and bounds in population and resources. Farther southward he passed the oldest town with village form of government in the United States, the fine city today of St. Augustine, too well known for the beauty of its surroundings to require any description here. Farther south, upon the west shore of the lagoon, there was not a sign of human habitation, where since there has arisen Ormond, Daytona Beach, New Smyrna, Titusville, Cocoa, Rock Ledge, Ft. Pierce, Palm Beach East and West, Lauderdale, Miami, and almost countless numbers of projects, that together will in a short time have within their boundaries a million of population. In giving the opinion formed by General Sherman we do not single him out alone for arriving at his conclusions, for later, at the close of the Civil War, General John C. Breckinridge, a noted confederate and vice president of the Confederacy, whether pursued or not, made his "escape" so called, out of the Indian river inlet. This took place in the month of May. General Breckenridge's description of the country indicates that he considered it not only worthless, but he was absolutely terrified by what he thought the "forces of evil" that he encountered. However, he reached Cuba in safety and was finally "pardoned" for his participation with the Confederacy in the war.

We should not be hasty in censuring these severe critics, for we can

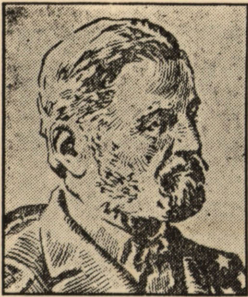
recall that within a few months last past, an aeroplane touring over the everglades and forced to descend, had to be "rescued" and that this great expanse of waters and grasses now being subject to tremendous undertakings of drainage and exploitation, must be completed to remove this wonderful area as an obstacle to settlement and create from it an agricultural asset of value.



## *Florida From The Viewpoint of General U. S. Grant*

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**F**LORIDA, a heritage of old Spain, is entitled, perhaps, to the appellation, A Land of Flowers and Romance. While friendly enemies decry this statement, true lovers find in the nooks and crannies of Old Fort San Marco the romance; and as to flowers, the writer can assert



that in one plot, in mid-winter, as far north as Daytona, he saw by actual count sixty-eight varieties of roses in full bloom, while Ridge-wood avenue seemed aflame with the scarlet glories of the wonderful poinsettias, and this, from our own knowledge is a state characteristic. Our California friends who look upon their great state as the real and only land of flowers, have themselves been surprised at the floral outlook when visiting mid-winter Florida. It is a singular fact that remarkable tributes have

been paid the state by visitors of great prominence that have been entirely overlooked by even the recent promoters in their songs of praise as well as those writing history of an older time.

A remarkable instance arose from a casual, and rather accidental visit to Florida by General Grant. Sometime after the great soldier's rescue of the republic of Mexico from the domination of the French under Napoleon the Third, whose armies were supporting Maximillian, the Mexican government invited the General to become the honored guest of the republic. When the itinerary of this trip was made out, provision was made for a stop-off on the way to Vera Cruz for a short stay in Florida. Upon leaving at the conclusion of his visit General Grant, usually reticent in speech, became really enthusiastic and de-

clared that he was amazed by the wonderful and delightful climate that he experienced during his brief visit. He further added that he was so impressed that had he known of this summer land in mid winter he would certainly have arranged for an extended visit. He felt, he said, the restorative influence of the outdoor life he had been permitted to enjoy and that he had enjoyed it to the full. We may here remark that General Grant by his own statement had narrowly escaped a serious threat of tuberculosis through the outdoor life led by him during the war with Mexico, in which he was a participant as a young lieutenant. From this he felt that these Florida climatic conditions, new to him, would be a wonderful remedial agency under similar circumstances, and we can affirm that in after years he referred often in the strongest commendation of his "delightful visit and experience" during the visit we have described.



## *Florida From The Viewpoint of Brig. Gen. Charles E. Sawyer.*

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DURING the five decades of rather close communion with Florida I have enjoyed the acquaintance of countless friends of the state, among whom were those who have occupied the seats of the mighty as well as those who were the great numbers of humbler folk seeking homes and firesides and opportunity in the land of great promise. It is a pleasure to enumerate among these many friends the late Brigadier General Charles E. Sawyer, who was family physician as well as White House physician to the late President and Mrs. Harding. I can say from personal knowledge that Dr. Sawyer enjoyed an enviable reputation as general practitioner and surgeon and as a specialist in treating those many vexations physical troubles that are enumerated under the head of "Diseases of the Nervous System."



Dr. Sawyer some years ago found himself a sufferer from a quite severe form of neuritis. With his thorough knowledge of the remedial agencies that would afford him the most prompt relief, he decided that the climatic conditions of Florida would be ideal aid to relief and probably a curative measure. With this opinion he promptly made a test by an immediate journey to Florida, spending the winter along the east coast, from Ormond south to Rock Ledge. Dr. Sawyer gave me his personal opinion of the effect upon his ailment of the climatic conditions prevalent in the localities mentioned. He said that the effect was simply magical and following up his first visit by others as opportunity offered, he announced a practical cure, as had been hoped for, and

afterwards to the personal knowledge of the writer, he recommended to numerous patients the same method of procedure that he himself adopted and the beneficial results afterward noted were fully obtained. In after years in visiting Florida in company with President and Mrs. Harding, he joined in an enthusiastic expression of favorable views of Florida as a great and wonderful sanitarium. At one time he said to me that he had in mind the establishment of a winter sanitorium somewhat along the lines of the great institution that bears his name at Marion, Ohio, and today is looked upon as a monument to his remarkable managerial ability and success in the practice of his profession; this same institution that is today so ably conducted and carried on by his son, Lieut. Carl W. Sawyer, who rendered remarkable service to those of our soldiers of the world's war, who suffered from mental affliction.

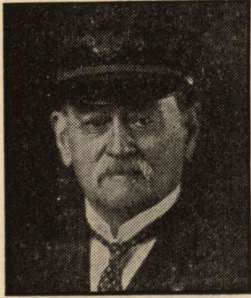


## *Florida Fifty Years Ago*

*by the Author, Col. George B. Christian*

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**F**LORIDA, the southernmost state of the Union, was the 27th admitted under the constitution. It is in area the 21st of the 48 states, and in coastline, including both mainland and islands, is easily in first place. In square miles the area is 59,268; in acres



37,931,520. By comparison Florida exceeds in area such states as New York and Pennsylvania, and the great commonwealth of Ohio with its six millions of population, is but two-thirds as large. In my boyhood at school we were taught that Florida was a peninsula shaped like an inverted boot, and perhaps this homely method of description may as well be adopted in giving a view of the surface of the state, from the boot-heel northwest of Jacksonville to the top of the leg at Key Largo, the distance is in excess of 400 miles with a succession of islets extending to Key West, an additional 100 miles; from the heel westward to the toe, at the Alabama line, is a trip in upper Florida of 350 miles. As late as 1870 this tremendous land acreage was inhabited by 187,748 persons, of whom nearly one-half were of the colored race. By 1920 the population had reached nearly the million mark and the estimates of 1925 range from 1,325,000 to 1,600,000. Should the growth continue as at present, the all-the-year population of Florida, by the census of 1930, may reach a total of 1,750,000, a modest estimate. The rural population of the state has in the past kept speedily apace with the growth of Jacksonville and Tampa, now claiming a population of 250,000.

The romantic and tragic history of Florida is too well known to require space here for even a brief review. We have to do with the present, with some reference to the past, where the two eras coordinate. Looking backward fifty-one years at the Florida of 1874, and looking through the same gateway today, the change in material wealth and population is amazing. This extraordinary growth has not been the result of the rise in land values from speculation, but is based upon a solid foundation, of production, immigration and the usual results of opportunity taken advantage of by the land hungry of our nation.

I advise no one to buy real estate in Florida, neither do I advise a sale, but I delve for bottom underlying facts; I seek to separate the froth of falsehood from the real and readily established truths as to Florida. No one can object to the truth; Florida is an open book. You can go there and wisely look about and be guided by common sense and protect yourself from joining the sucker list that is ever co-operating to destroy itself.

The state of Florida seems to be a commonwealth by itself in relation to the other states of our Union. Poking out into the salt waters of the Atlantic and the Gulf of Mexico for a distance of more than 400 miles, it looks rather lonesome upon the map, and this lonesomeness seems to be increased by a feeling that the state is unjustly made the target of all kinds of criticism by the denizens of the remaining states of the Union. Critics of Florida are in three classes: there is the pessimist, who finds very little of good within its borders; there is the optimist, who finds everything good and nothing to be objected to; then along comes the conservative, who tries to find the truth, and in between these two extremes, expresses a fair opinion after reasonable investigation. The author of this volume wishes to be enrolled as a conservative and will express his opinion from that type of viewpoint.

The pessimist claims for Florida that three-fourths of its total or more than 40,000 square miles is absolutely waste land and water of no present or future value. In this sweeping statement he includes the everglades with Lake Okeechobee, the morass that occupies the southern tip of the peninsula, and in general all the lakes and swamps that dot the surface, and aggregate a tremendous total of acreage. He adds to

this a large acreage of so-called pine barrens; these are the former timber tracts that fifty years ago formed a great portion of the then valuable forests. These cut over barrens have a sandy soil which it is claimed is impossible of cultivation and profitable production. He dissects Florida by itself; other lands have drained their swamps; other lands apparently useless have been brought under a high state of cultivation, but the pessimist permits no silver lining in the cloud that obscures his view of Florida. If you mention climate, he shouts the idea that climate can be an asset of great value. The tourist coming to Florida to enjoy climate is to him a temporary bird of passage. He fails to count his numbers and never totals his value. Of the present interest in Florida he styles that a big bubble, characteristic of previous historic bubbles, a bubble that is soon to burst and overwhelm everyone interested in a common ruin. He says moreover, there has been laid out and plotted twenty millions of small lots at this writing within the state and that the really valuable spots of the entire commonwealth, cities, towns, villages, beaches, citrous fruit groves and arable land have all been garnered by plutocrats and their values hoisted to absurd and untrue prices, the normal peak in such values having long since been passed.

#### *A LAND OF HEALTH, WEALTH AND PLEASURE.*

Now comes the optimist: Florida has a climate that has no equal in the world. He backs up this statement by the endorsement of people who have visited not only southern California, but the great winter resorts of Europe and Africa. Our Florida climate to him is simply ideal, and that his is an asset of value that can scarcely be computed. His viewpoint is that selling climate is just as valuable as selling potatoes. He points to the simple fact that in the early autumn of this year thirty-six passenger trains loaded to the guards will be required to transport the throng of people Florida bound. These are those who seek health, wealth and pleasure. The estimate covers 300 coach loads per day until mid-February, which may be increased to 650, based upon later statistics. In addition, he points out the throngs that are going overland over the opened trails by automobile. It is claimed at this writing that more than 800 automobiles arrive in Florida each twenty-four hours, and that the number is increasing. Based upon these figures

he estimates the winter rush to Florida at more than a half million of people. He estimates that these half-million will bring to the state the ransom of a kingdom. He is not very modest in his estimate of the total value of this asset but makes the statement that the minimum based upon these estimates cannot fall under two hundred millions of dollars. He believes that the Florida of the future will know no such thing as waste land; the everglades and the swamps will be drained, the pine barrens will be made productive by an intensified agriculture based upon the discovery of new types of fertilizer, and that the wonderful subterranean water supply that is found in a very large proportion of the state will, in the near future, furnish not only power but light and irrigation. He feels that within two decades Florida will have five millions of people. He believes that an increase to enormous proportions will be secured in the production of fruits and winter vegetables. He believes that this movement will rescue 80% of the so-called waste lands and make them all productive. Referring to the criticisms of the realtors and bankers throughout the country, he points out that about the great cities of the north there are laid out millions and millions of lots along speculative lines that have far less behind them of value than those of Florida. He claims that the real estate purchases in Florida at high values have been the result of investigation made by people of wealth capable of intelligent investigation. "If Florida", he says, "has 20 millions of lots there is no force that compels any one to become a purchaser"; and the optimist in conclusion says: "Come to Florida. Make no investment until you have personally examined the property in which you may be interested. Visit various parts of the state; go to the east coast and the west coast; visit the fine cities, the great watering places, wonderful beaches, the superb estates, the greatest hotels in the world, and then look over the opportunity for development along agricultural lines; gaze upon the orange orchards on which there can be no more beautiful sight anywhere. Note how practical is the proposition to increase the output of the winter products of Florida to fabulous proportions. Finally, don't be a grouch; don't be a hearsay critic but come down and see this land of Sunshine from your own personal viewpoint and be governed accordingly."

### *A CONTRAST OF FIFTY YEARS.*

In the first chapter of this volume we have called attention to a trip made by four northerners to the Indian river inlet. To reach this inlet required at that time a journey of some 250 miles, and so far as our party knew our way was clear only as far as Lake George. The incidents of this trip are fully described in the first chapter heretofore mentioned. In Jacksonville there was noticable an activity that indicated a fine future for the young city if it could be maintained, and even fifty-one years ago there were suggestions of a prosperity that was constantly increasing values of real estate well located for business. The surroundings at Jacksonville were extremely interesting. There were orange orchards in full fruitage that attracted our attention at once. In after years making repeated visits to this gate-way city we noted that the frost belt had pushed the orange areas further south. We may as well discuss these features of the Florida climate at this time. Fifty-one years ago the great woodlands were a protection both from frost and high winds. The cedar groves, abundant at that time, were practically taken over by the Faber Pencil Company and the manufacturers of cigar boxes. This beautiful wood has entirely disappeared and with it other valuable forest areas. Piney woods were made to give up their stores of turpentine; while vast swamps were densely forested with tremendous specimens of the famous cypress timber, a timber valuable in ship building. These timber lands, like all others in the pioneer history of this country, were to a certain extent wasted; at the same time they probably brought a larger income per acre to Florida than did the wonderful forests of the Northwest Territory. The waters surrounding Florida abounded then as now in food fishes of the most valuable varieties, and in the southern waters turtles flourished alongside of enormous oyster beds. The forests were plentifully supplied with game and the waters covered with game birds who found their winter home so that food was not nearly so scarce or difficult to obtain as has been represented by many critics. A little more than forty years ago there began to move into the state in a steady stream immigrants who were led to seek Florida homes by the stories carried in the homely fashion of "word of mouth" telling the wonderful opportunities to be had in climate and the cultivation of citrous fruits. The writer saw the first planting of oranges along the Indian river, as well as the first plantings of grape fruit, and in later years witnessed from the car windows during a four hours' journey from Jacksonville to Tampa through an orange belt, a crop production of this glorious fruit estimated at 5,500,000 boxes. During the twenty years prior to the world's war, first class orange land as well as the celery lands of Sanford, the potato lands near

St. Augustine with other lands suitable for winter berry culture, and the production of vegetables, were selling at from \$1,000 to \$3,000 per acre. I have had friends in Florida engaged in raising potatoes estimate the value of their crops at their railway sidings to bring them from five to ten times the return common in the northern states at that time. From what we know of the volume of these products and the land acreage of like production, it is estimated that if required, the state of Florida can produce and market 100 million dollars worth of citrous fruits per annum. This fine figure added to the returns for winter grown berries and vegetables, with the added value of the splendid fisheries, would in and of itself make a return to Florida equal to the income received from grain in some of the great producing states of the north. Florida, in a careless fashion, devoted great areas to raising cattle, and cowboys were a feature of the state thirty years ago somewhat similar to our western type.

During the Spanish attempt to crush the insurrection in Cuba, there were shipped from the Florida mainland 30,000 head of these cattle to supply the requirements of the Spanish army. The razor-back hog was in evidence also. This goes to prove that Florida can and will engage to some extent in stock raising. Leading agriculturists in the state have proven that dairy farming, with the accompaniment of poultry raising, is an established fact. The northern part of Florida is a land of fine plantations and many portions of the state can raise, if necessary, excellent returns of sea island cotton, sugar cane, etc.

The statistics of revenue producing items gathered together make an amazing total of the value of the state's resources, and if we add the growth of these industries to the growth of the tourist crop, we may look for a wonderful future for the state of balmy air and sunshine in spite of the pessimist's objection. The climate of Florida is frequently under discussion. From years of observation we are able to say that there are more summer days between November 1st and May 1st in Florida than there are summer days from May 1st to November 1st in Ohio. Strange to say that early movement into Florida was from the southland; Georgians, Alabamans, and Mississippians moved into the state and there "cracker" met "cracker" and in the end these pioneers have profited greatly by their faith, and many fortunes have come to those first settlers that remain with them to this day.

### *STORY OF "LOST MILLIONS".*

The writer has written of his lost millions, and thereby hangs a story of fortune not taken at its flood. The valuable lands spoken of heretofore were offered this writer in great areas at from 50c to \$2.50 per acre. These lands, if held but thirty years, would have brought in the

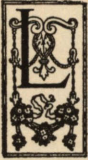
open market fifty to five hundred times the value mentioned. We are speaking now of values before the World's War that we had opportunity of purchasing at farm prices—lands at West Palm Beach. We were there when Mr. Flagler made his first purchase and we well knew that that indicated his intention to build the Florida East Coast railway. Looking backward it seems that a child might have reached a conclusion and grasped this opportunity so kindly offered. Miami did not exist when we had our first chance to own the great frontage at a mere song. The wonderful climate well known and the remarkable opportunity for sport in the waters of Biscayne Bay lay before us. I could have purchased Rock Ledge hummock land for a song. I was offered a lot at \$1,800 in Daytona that rapidly increased in value to \$50,000. On the west coast I was tendered an opportunity to purchase lots in the original plot of St. Petersburg for a mere trifle, lots that within 30 years brought from \$20,000 to \$50,000 each. My greatest opportunity in my own opinion was the failure to take advantage of inside information in regard to Jacksonville and Tampa. These towns were growing from the impetus of trade only, and the most cautious could readily note the rapidity with which values increased. There are few finer cities today, and the push of their forward movement is clearly shown by the statistics of their banks which we need not here recapitulate. I do not believe that the stability of Florida or its great population can be stopped even if there are many disappointed ones hoping for quick wealth from small investments. As the writer sees the conditions, there is but one danger to the sane, sound and steady growth of the state, and that arises from the expressions of many that it is a state to be the playground of only the rich. History never fails to repeat itself. The establishment of theatres in the great cities, the opening of stores, all kinds of projects, banks, clubs and similar organizations with a basis of catering only to the rich have been and continue to be failures. If Florida cannot open her arms and gather in the millions of substantial people of ordinary means and give them from her domain limited areas at fair values, and house them befitting their means, then in that case the state's rapid advancement will be slowed down.

In my humble opinion in the future Florida will become not only the playground, but the abiding place of a reasonable percentage of the population of our great and growing nation.

In conclusion I am not a disgruntled grouch over "my lost millions" but have a friendly interest in the state that returned me to health, showered me with the blessings of a kindly hospitality and surrounded my winter home with its beautiful waters and abundant fruitage. These memories are pleasant ones and will long abide with me and mine; for that I will not worry over the waters that have passed under the bridge.

## LOOKING BACKWARD

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LOOKING backward, it has oftentimes been said, is generally productive of too much regret based upon the memory of lost opportunities bringing to one's mental attitude a sort of sadness in a retrospect that always, as a rule, brings to the forefront a record of failures rather than the successes in our life's work. Looking backward in Florida, however, over a period of fifty years, notwithstanding the fact I did not take advantage of the chance when fortune knocked at my door, has always been to me a real pleasure and has afforded me much happiness. I recall with clear vision many sunny days amid scenes that the writer has always been impressed with, causing him to express the opinion that nowhere were there brighter, more charming, more delightful locations than certain portions of the now well known land of Florida.

Who can recall without pleasure happy days in St. Augustine, early days when rambling along the beautiful beaches brought the shell hunters handsome rewards; those beaches that were laved with the warm waters of the Gulf Stream, giving in mid-winter the delights of bathing in a friendly surf? Who can recall without pleasure, days in a houseboat on the Indian river during those times when no railroad was near and when the sparkling waters was the rendezvous of the most charming craft that man has yet invented for pleasure boating? Those houseboat days come to the writer as pleasant dreams and there passes before him like the films of a moving picture the almost tropical foliage upon either side; the splendor of magnificent orange groves in full bearing; magnificent homes in pleasing places where we were always welcome, welcome with a hospitality that in my memory, at least, was unequalled.

And then the occasional hotels that found pleasing locations; the surrounding scenes of beauty, great areas full of semi tropical foliage of bloom and fragrance from myriads of bud and blossom. The writer recalls that upon a visit to Merritt's Island, a foreigner who had known the famous winter sunshine lands of Europe, after a considerable stay with friends, being about to take his departure, drew himself up and glancing across Indian River to its western shore more than two miles away, raised his hands and said: "O beautiful river, can it be possible that I may never see you again?" And then he said, addressing his friends, "Here is neither mountain nor cities, nor the accessories of life that are considered a part of latter day civilization, but still it appeals to me that this scene occasioned by the lighting up of the crystal

waters of the Indian river by rays of the setting sun has no superior anywhere; and wherever I shall live, my life in years to come, if it shall be that I am not permitted to again view these scenes, my memory of them will always be my present expressed opinion."

### *LAND OF SUNSHINE*

My frequent visits to Florida gave me an opportunity to witness all of the vagaries of climate that seem to be everywhere a feature of all the lands of our earth. I have seen Florida at its best and I have seen Florida at its worst. For the latter, I was a visitor there when the two greatest visitations of frost occurred during the past fifty years of its history. I was an eye witness to the destructiveness of those visitations. I have also in mid-winter enjoyed conditions where the days of sunshine followed one after another with scarcely a change in temperature extending from days to weeks and from weeks to months until a period of three months had passed, during which period every day was a picnic time. However, averaging my experience, nine visits out of ten I have found in the season from January to May climatic conditions that could not be improved upon. The east coast of Florida, from careful tabulations taken from government records prove beyond cavil that there are more hours of sunshine in that favored land than any other semi-tropical region of the world's famous winter-time lands; and the west coast of Florida, where the tabulations in its earlier history had been somewhat neglected, claims to be able at this time to present competitive figures showing conditions equally as favorable. The blue waters of the gulf, as well as the warm waters of the eastern beaches, afford delightful winters, giving the invalid surcease from the sorrows of our dreadful climatic conditions, not only life restorative but an absolute and certain curative for many of our winter ills. And, furthermore, I wish to add that during the entire years of my experience there has always been going on what might be termed a boom: increasing population, advances in values, stories of the orange lands, causing sometimes a real gold rush. And stories of the health resorts bringing countless invalids to seek homes in this favored land has caused me to feel in the final summing up that the state of Florida, in a not far-away future, will be none too large for the throngs that will seek winter and permanent homes within its borders.

### *STEADY INCREASE IN VALUES*

Inconsiderate investment in real estate anywhere is liable to prove a disappointment, but the writer has come to the conclusion that investment made in Florida realty with care and selection, with ability to call to your aid impartial judgment and advice will not fail to give to those

who have the gift of patience a full measure of financial reward. During my half a century in and out of the state, from north to south and from east to west, upon the coasts or in the beautiful inland towns, I have never as yet been able to note a decrease in values in properly selected Florida real estate except for but one period, and that following the disastrous yellow fever epidemic that swept the state with its consequent demoralization. Florida, reaching out toward Cuba and many isles of the tropical seas, was particularly exposed to the ravages of such an epidemic but the recovery was as prompt as the depression was fearful, and with confidence restored, that yellow fever was a thing of the past which never again recur, there was a rebound in value that more than made up all the losses. It is this evidence that Florida can recover from these grave misfortunes with a most remarkable exhibition of vitality, and speedily cover up by its natural progress all evidence of depression or depreciation.

My own experience was very remarkable: Visiting Florida for health and pleasure, neither myself nor my friends—among whom I can number with pleasure the late Warren G. Harding—gave any thought to the speculation that was going on about us, and when occasionally we discussed investment there was with us always our old friend Mr. Pessimist, who blocked the pathway to an assured and wonderful fortune that was so freely offered us, by his always ready argument and scare note that seemed to be more effective than common sense could teach us in view of our surroundings. I saw Palm Beach property selling at \$1.00 a foot front that afterwards sold in excess of \$2,000 a foot front. I saw property located in what is now known as West Palm Beach that could be purchased in any quantity at \$1.00 per acre or less. I could have made a purchase on Biscayne Bay when there was no Miami, at the price of government lands. I could have bought orange orchard locations in the famous Rock Ledge hammock at \$30 per acre that afterwards sold for \$5,000. I was offered a lot in Daytona for \$1,800 that soon sold for \$50,000. I could have bought properties in Jacksonville, Tampa, St. Augustine and other prominent points at one per cent of what these various properties sold for within a recent period. I could have purchased for \$10,000 property in now the Lakeland district of Florida, then Polk County, that I could not purchase today for less than ten millions of dollars. I was offered lots in the original plat of St. Petersburg for a mere song, a sum too trifling to mention. These same lots have been sold since that time for more than \$50,000 each.

#### *WHERE FORTUNES ARE MADE*

I had, with my friends, inside information as to the building of

the Florida East Coast Railway. That information to any one with horse sense as to real estate values could have realized millions. Property near St. Augustine that I could have purchased for \$500 is valued today at more than \$300,000. I was offered opportunity to purchase potato lands near Hastings for a dollar an acre; strawberry lands everywhere for a like figure; and the celery lands of Sanford at give away prices, and these lands today have actual values of thousands of dollars per acre, based upon the net profits accruing to their fortunate owners. We stood idly by and saw farmers from the far northwest turn their splendid farms and homes into cash, re-invest it in properties of all kinds with our full knowledge, in Florida real estate that brought to us a feeling of sympathy for the poor chaps that would do such foolish things, receive for their \$90 per acre investment, one, two and three thousand dollars per acre in actual sales, and realize fortunes that have enriched them beyond their fondest dreams.

These statements are the truth based upon actual facts supported by indisputable evidence with the records at hand showing the sales values of these investments. These values were established more than fifteen years ago, realizing fine profits during a period when booms, so-called, were unheard of.

#### *A LAND OF OPPORTUNITY*

There is another thing in evidence: The business interests are rising in their might to insist that Florida shall be a progressive business state, with its industrial and economic interests recognized, advanced and protected by its political representatives. They demand that the old type of moss-back free trade demagogue shall not represent their great and growing state. Political conventions, the like of which never has been held within the state's boundaries, are placing in the field active candidates for political preferment that shall represent the new state of Florida. The impulse toward this end is reaching out among the native elements of the state who see that prosperity does not lie with the type of statesmen that has so often represented them in former years. In fact there is a political revolution already started that in the near future will sweep into power business representatives of a business state. While these representatives may not be confined to any particular party, their credentials will be closely scrutinized and they must be prepared to appeal to an intelligent electorate so as to be increased to the extent of a half million of new electors.

Let us cease to be sentimental; turn aside from flowers, sunshine, climate, orange blossoms, etc., and coming down to cool deliberate consideration, recognize Florida for just what it is—"A land of opportunity."

## *Addenda*

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The statistical position of Florida is excellent and should be very satisfactory to the economists who, as a class, require tables of production upon which to base an opinion as to the stability of the foundation upon which the property of state rests.

The educational advantages of Florida include the State University at Gainesville; Stetson University at DeLand, an institution created by the generosity of the wealthy Philadelphia hatter, and a school for young ladies at Tallahassee. The state is not backward in providing ways and means for its common schools which include those for the negro race, and enlarged appropriations are promised for the future.

We follow with an interesting tabulation of production, to-wit:

2310	operating companies—output.....	225,000,000
290	factories for cigars and cigarettes.....	40,000,000
1925	tourists .....	200,000,000
	Fruits and vegetables .....	100,000,000
	Rock phosphate .....	12,000,000
	Naval stores—turpentine, etc. ....	25,000,000
	Fisheries .....	10,000,000
	Sundry items not enumerated.....	5,000,000
Total .....		617,000,000

Certainly the above is a right tidy sum, and while the figures given are in round numbers, they are based upon the reports of the Federal Government for 1920, with percentage added when warranted.

The writer wishes to add that the tables given, in his opinion, are below the actual values for 1925. In these tables we have omitted lumber, quite a large item, very largely consumed by local establishments, and somewhat difficult to estimate with any degree of accuracy. Surely a state yet new in development that can array such a formidable showing of figures, in economic industry, may feel that its hopes of building a mighty commonwealth in the near future may not be an idle dream.



